

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE
AND
DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 1.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1845.

NO. 29.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS

WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.
\$3 00 at the end of three months.
50 at the expiration of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.
Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid. OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.
A. L. PRICE, Printer.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacturer & Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
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LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM COOKE,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
General Commission Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS
For the sale of Flour, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce.
Sept. 21, 1844. 1-1f

ROBERT S. BATES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-1f

Wm. Shaw,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant
Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street, up stairs.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Schr. J. D. JONES,
50 PLOUGHS, No. 19 & 11,
20 Shares and Mouldboards,
20 Boxes pale saw
10 do. John Ender's Tobacco,
20 Bbls. Canal Flour,
20 Half do do.
For sale by JAS. I. BRYAN.
Feb'y 7th, 1845.—[21-1f]

LIST OF BLANKS

ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs	do do Subpoenas	do do Fi. Fas.
County Court Scire Facias	Apprentice's Indentures	Letters of Administrators
Juror's Tickets	Guardian's Bonds	Peace warrants
Constable's bonds	Military Ca Sa	Land Deeds
Notes of hand	Negro Bonds	Warrants, Ca Sa
Checks, Cape Fear Bank	do do	do do
do do Branch Bank of the State	do do	do do
Notes, negotiable at bank	Inspector's Certificates	Certificates of Justices attending Court
Shipping Papers	Bills Lading (letter)	

Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch.
Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE, S. E. cor. Princess & Front-sts., One door above the Hanover House.

During my absence for a few weeks from Wilmington, Mr. John S. Richards will act as my authorized agent.
Feb'y 18, 1844.—[23]

NOTICE.
A Carriage & Horses will be kept in readiness at the HANOVER HOUSE, to convey Passengers to and from the Rail Road and Steamboat, and will also be let to parties of pleasure, families, &c.
JOHN CHRISTIAN.
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 25, 1844.—[6-1f]

Notice.
By a decree of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, held for the County of New Hanover, March term, 1845, for a more equal division between the widow and heirs at law of Jacob James, dec'd, the subscriber will offer for sale at the late residence of Jacob James, dec'd, in the county of New Hanover, on Saturday, the 3d day of May next, between 20 and 25 likely Negroes, consisting of men, boys, women and children.—Also, at the same time and place will be sold, a lot of 100 head of cattle, and one pair of timber wheels. Terms of sale will be a credit of six months, the purchaser giving note with two approved securities, before the property is changed.
JOHN SHEPARD, Adm'r.
of Jacob James.
March 21, 1845. 27-3f

LIVERY STABLES.

SINCE my LIVERY STABLES were destroyed by fire in August last, I have erected on the same lot on Second st., and have now in use, another large, comfortable, and convenient lot of Stables, fully equal, if not superior to any in this State.

For the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon me by my friends and the public, I return my most grateful thanks, and hope by diligent and proper attention to my business, to insure a continuation of the same.

I have also a large dry and comfortable lot, with good Sheels, and comfortable Stalls, for the accommodation of drovers. All of which, are situated in the most public part of the town, and convenient for trade or business of any kind.
H. R. NIXON.
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 25, 1844.—[6-1f]

FRESH BEEF, PORK AND LAMB.

THE subscriber not wishing to enter into a long detail, would merely state to the citizens of Wilmington, that he is now prepared to supply their tables with the best of

BEEF, PORK AND LAMB.
at the lowest prices. His arrangements are such as will warrant him in saying the best, for he will have that or none. Hotels or families can have the beef sent to their houses if they wish.
Drovers can have a ready sale for their cattle, by applying to me.
JOSEPH M. TILLY.
Oct. 18, 1844. 5-1f

Fresh Beef.

THE subscriber having taken stall No. 6, is prepared to furnish Families and Boarding Houses with the

BEST OF BEEF AND PORK,
on the most reasonable terms, and will deliver it at the house, if required, at all hours. Be sure to call at Stall No. 6.

To those that have Beef Cattle
to sell on foot, I will give the highest prices the market will afford.
JOHN T. HEWITT.
Sept. 21, 1844. 1-1f

Notice.

THE subscriber has lately been appointed Inspector of Naval Stores, and respectfully solicits a share of patronage from his Country friends and the public generally.
C. B. MORRIS.
March 15, 1844. 10-1f

Agency.

THE Inspectors in this place having ceased to act as agents in the sale of Turpentine and Tar, the employment of agents for that purpose, will, therefore, in many cases, become necessary. The subscriber tenders his services to all makers of these articles, charging the very moderate commission of 1 per cent. To those who may favor him with their confidence and patronage, he pledges his devoted attention to their interest in making sales, and promptness in making returns.
He will also attend to the sale of Lumber and Timber.
JAMES A. KING
March 15, 1844. 10-1f

TO TURPENTINE MAKERS.

HAVING understood that the Inspectors of Turpentine will discontinue to act as agents in selling the article the same being contrary to law. Under these circumstances I am induced to offer my services as agent to all makers of Turpentine who may favor me with their custom. I will attend to the selling of the same for 1 per cent. Commissions.
JOHN HALL.
March 15, 1844. 10-1f

COUNTRY AGENTS.

THE undersigned take pleasure in returning thanks for the liberal patronage which they have had from the public generally, and being desirous to continue the business of all who may think proper to intrust produce to their care; we would also inform our friends and the public, that all Turpentine and Tar sent to us will be sold for one per cent.
G. P. & R. H. GRANT.
March 22, 1844. 11-1f

Notice to Turpentine Makers.

THE subscriber is now prepared to sell Naval Stores of all kinds to the best advantage; his charge will be moderate and every careful attention given. When the price is depressed and owners wish to hold for an improvement, he will furnish a WHARF, and make suitable ADVANCES either in CASH or GOODS, to enable them to do so. Those wishing to SHIP will have every necessary facility. The subscriber flatters himself, that his EXPERIENCE coupled with INDUSTRY will secure him a liberal share of business.
JAMES I. BRYAN.
March 22, 1844. 11-1f

The Hanover House,

IS now open for the reception of company. The undersigned would be happy to accommodate all who may call upon him.
JOHN CHRISTIAN.
Feb. 9, 1844. 5-6m.

In Store.

50 BBLs. Fayetteville Flour,
25 do. best Canal do.
15 half bbls. do.
25 bbls. City Mess Pork,
10 " prime
40 bags assorted qualities Coffee,
20 boxes " Tobacco,
40 bbls. Salina Salt,
50 " Planting Potatoes,
10 " Sugar,
25 boxes Soap, with a general assortment of other
PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES,
on retail, for sale cheap, by
J. I. BRYAN.
Jan'y 31, 1845. 20-4f

Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.

As related by OLD KENNY, the Quarter Master, to "Perry," a correspondent of the Spirit of the Times.

"But," says I, "Kennedy—I think you said your craft was bound for the lakes—what did you go to, Ontario, or Erie?"

"I was on both, sir," says he, "before the war was over; and we got as much accustomed to poking our flying jib-boom into the trees on them shores, as if the sticks were first cousins; which, seeing as how the ships were built in the woods, wouldn't be much of a wonder.—Part of that ere draft staid down on Ontario, with the old commodore, as was watching Sir James, and part was sent up to Erie. I went up to Erie and joined the Lawrence, Commodore Oliver H. Perry—and I hopes that old Bill Kennedy needn't be called a braggart, if he says he did his part in showing off as handsome a fight on that same fresh water pond, as has ever been done by an equal force on blue water. Our gallant young commodore made as light a fight of it as I have ever been my luck to be engaged in; and seeing as how half of his men was down with fever and ager, and not one in a dozen knew the difference between the smell of gunpowder and oil of turpentine, blow me! but I think it was about as well done.

"You see our squadron was lying in a bay, as they calls Put-in-Bay—and when the enemy first hove in sight, it was in the morning, about seven o'clock. I knows that that was the time, because I had just been made Quarter-master by Captain Perry, and was the first as seen them through my glass. They was in the Nor'-west, bearing down; as soon as we made them out to be the enemy's fleet, we went the signal to get under way; our ship, the Lawrence, in course taking the lead.—Well, as we was some small islands, one of 'em was Snake Island—I hears Captain Perry come up to the Master, and ask him in a low voice, whether he thought he should be able to work out to windward in time to get the weather gage of the enemy; but the Master said as how the wind was Sou'-west, and light, and he didn't think he could. 'Then,' said the Commodore, aloud, 'wear ship, sir, and go to leeward, for I am determined to fight them to-day.'—but just then the wind came round to the South'ard and East'ard, and we retained the weather gage, and slowly bore down upon the enemy. They did all they could to get the wind, but not succeeding, hove into line, heading westward, and gallantly waited for us as we came down.

"There lay their squadron, all light sails taken in, just like a boxer, with his sleeves rolled up, and handkerchief tied about his loins, ready to make a regular stand-up fight, and there wasn't a braver man, nor better sailor, in the British navy, nor that same Barclay, whose broad pennant floated in the van of that squadron.
"Pretty soon up runs our motto flag, the dying words of our hero Lawrence—'Don't give up the Ship!'—and floats proudly from our main, and then the general order was passed down the line by trumpet, 'Each ship, lay your enemy alongside!'—and if you ever see a flock of wild geese flying South'ard in the fall of the year, you'll have some idea of us as we went down into action. The men was full of spirit, and panning for a fight, and even them as was so sick as to be hardly able to stand, insisted upon taking their places at the guns. I recollects one in particular—he was a carpenter's mate, a steady man, from Newport—he crawls up when we beat to quarters, and seats himself upon the head of one of the pumps, with the sounding-rods in his hand, looking as yellow as if he had just been dragged out of a South Carolina cypress swamp; but one of the officers comes up to him as he was sitting there, and says, 'You are too sick to be sitting there, my man—there's no use of your being exposed for nothing—you had better go below.' 'If you please, sir,' says the poor fellow, 'if I can do nothing else, I can save the time of a better man, and sit here and sound the pump.'
"Well, sir, as we bore down, the English occasionally tried our distance by a shot, and when we was within about a mile of 'em, one comes ricocheting across the water, bounds over the bulwarks, and takes that man's head as clean off his shoulders, as if he had been done with his own broad-axe. I have heard say that 'every bullet has its billet,' and that isartin, that it's no use to dodge a shot, for if you are destin'd to fall by a shot, you will sartain fall by that same shot; and I bears in mind, that an English sailor, one of our prisoners, told me that in a ship of theirs, a fellow as skulked in the cable-tree, during an action with the French, was found dead with a spent forty-two resting on his neck. The ball had come in at the stern-post—struck one of the beams for'ard, and tumbled right in upon him, breaking his neck, as he lay snugly coiled away in the cable-tree. No, no—mistortions and cannon shots are very much alike—there's no dodging—every man must stand up to his work, and take his chance—if they hit him, the purser's book is squared, and no more charges is scored agin him.

"But, as I was saying, it wasn't long before we began to make our cannonades tell, and then at it went, hot and heavy, the Lawrence taking the lead, engaging the Detroit, and every vessel, as she came up, obeying orders, and laying her enemy alongside, in right good earnest, except the Niagara. She hinged back—damn her—with her jib brail up, and her main-top-sail to the mast—the consequence was, the Charlotte, as was her opponent, avails herself of her distance—runs up close under the stern of the Detroit, and both ships pours in their combined fire into our ship, the St. Lawrence. I hears the master myself, and afterwards two or three of the other officers, go up to the Commodore during the action, and call his attention to the Niagara, and complain of her treacherous or cowardly conduct. Well, then in three minutes we was so enveloped in smoke, that we only aimed at the flashes of their guns, for we might as well have tried to trace a flock of ducks in the thickest fog on the coast of Labrador, as their spars or hulls. I was working at one of the for'ard guns, and as, after she was loaded, the captain of the piece stood waiting with the trigger lanyard in his fingers, ready to pull, one of the officers calls out, 'I say, sir, why don't you fire?' 'I am waiting for the flash,' says the gunner—I am waiting for the flash—there it is,'—and as he pulled trigger, a cannon shot came through the port, and dashed

him to pieces between us, covering me and the officer all over with his brains. Their fire was awful; the whole of the shot of the heaviest ships in the squadron pouring into us, and in two hours without stopping. Our brig became a complete slaughter-house—the guns dismounted—carriages knocked to pieces—some of our ports knocked into one—hammock-netting shot clean away—iron stanchions twisted like wire—and a devilish deal more wounded pouring down so fast into the cockpit, that the surgeons didn't pretend to more than apply to them came back to the guns in the hands of the surgeons. One shot came thro' the cockpit, just over the surgeon's head, and killed midshipman Laub, who was coming up on deck, with a torniquet at his shoulder, and another killed a seaman who had already lost both arms. Our guns was nearly all dismounted; and finally, there was but one that could be brought to bear; and so completely was the crew disabled that the Commodore had to work at it with his own hands. The men became almost furious with despair, as they found themselves made the target for the whole squadron; and the wounded complained bitterly of the conduct of the Niagara, as they lay dying on the decks, and in the cockpit.—Two shots passed through the magazine—one knocked the lantern to pieces, and sent the lighted wick upon the floor; and if the gunner hadn't have jumped on it with his feet, before it caught the loose powder—my eyes! but that ere ship and every thing on board would have gone into the air like a sheaf of sky-rockets, and them as was on board, never would have know'd which side whipped. Out of one hundred men that went into action, eighty-three were either killed or wounded, and every officer was either killed or hurt except the Commodore. Our lieutenant of marines, lieutenant Brooks, him as was called the Boston Apollo—the handsomest man in the service, was cut nearly in two by a cannon shot, and died before the close of the action.

"It was nigh on all up with us. The men was real grit though, and even the wounded cried, 'blow her up,' rather than strike. Well, as things stood, there was an end of the Lawrence, so far as fighting went—and our Commodore says, says he, 'Lieutenant Yarnall, the American flag must not be pulled down over my head this day, while life remains in my body: I will go on board that ship and bring myself into action—and I will leave it to you to pull down the Lawrence's flag, if there is no help for it.' So we got our barge alongside, by the blessings of Heaven, not so much injured but what she'd float, and off we pushed for the Niagara—the Commodore standing with his motto flag under his arm; but as soon as the enemy caught sight of us, they delivered a whole broadside directly at the boat—and then peppered away so briskly, that the water all around us bubbled like a duck pond in a thunder shower. There Perry stood, erect and proud, in the stern sheets—his pistols strapped in his belt, and his sword in his hand—his eyes bent upon the Niagara—as if he'd jump the distance, never heeding the shot flying around him like hail. They begged him to sit down—they entreated him with tears in their eyes—but it was not until I dragged him down by main force—the men declaring that they would lay upon their oars and be taken—that he consented.

"There's them as says the Niagara wouldn't come down, and there's them as says she couldn't—all I know is, that when our gallant young Commodore took the quarter-deck, she walked down into the thickest of it quick enough—my eyes! how we did give it to 'em, blazing away from both sides at once. We ran in between the Detroit and Charlotte, our guns crammed to the muzzle, and delivered both of our broadsides into them at the same time—grape, canister and all,—taking the others as we passed; and the Niagara lads showed it wasn't no fault of their'n, that they hadn't come earlier to their work. I never know'd guns served smarter, than they served their'n, till the end of the action—not with better effect. We soon silenced the enemy, and run up the stars again on the Lawrence as she lay a complete wreck, shattered and cut up among them, for all the world like a dead whale surrounded by sharks. They struck one arter another, much like you may have seen the flags of a fleet run down after the evening gun; and as the firing ceased, and the heavy smoke bank rolled off to leeward, shiver my timbers! but it was a sight for a Yankee tar to see the striped bunting snapping triumphantly in the breeze over the British jacks at their gaffs.

"If there's any man, tho', as says that their Commodore wasn't a man every inch of him, aye! and as good a seaman, too, as ever walked a caulked plank, there's one here and his name's Bill Kennedy, as will tell him, that he's a know-nothing, and talks of a better man nor himself. Aye, aye—scrape the crown off his buttons, and he might mess with Deatrice and Lawrence, and splice the main-batten with Stewart and Hull, and they be proud of his company. He was badly cut up, though, and I have learn't tell, that when he got home to Engl'nd, he wouldn't go for to see the lady that he'd engaged to marry, but sent her word by a friend, 'I don't know who that friend was, but suppose it was his first lieutenant, in course,—he sends her word that he wouldn't hold her to her engagement; cause why, says he, 'I'm all cut to pieces, and ain't the man I was, when she engaged to be my wife.' Well, what dy'e think the noble girl says when she heard this? 'Tell him,' says she, 'as long as there's enough of him to hold his soul, I will be his.' I say, Master Tom, that's most up to the Virginny gals. Well, well—there never was but one, as would have said as much for Bill Kennedy, and she, poor Sue, she married curly-headed Bob, captain of the main-top in the Florent, in a pet, and was sorry when it was too late. She was a good girl, though—and I've lent her and her young ones a hand once or twice in the breakers.

PEQUOT.
Female clerks are now, it is said, very generally employed in the New York retail dry goods stores. This is a great improvement. It gives employment to the needy of the gentle sex, and it will turn over some thousands of males to pursuits more consonant to the physical strength and the dignity of manhood.—N. O. Pic.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

We published a week or two since, a most amusing story of one Judge Douglass, of Illinois, in which that gentleman, having accepted the hospitality of a large family, occupying a single room, was obliged to address and 'hop into bed,' in the presence of a young lady. This young lady the Judge describes as a 'Venus in linsey-woolsey—plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a persimmon.' The Judge himself was 'a small man physically speaking,' and the idea of going to bed before the young lady—a modest, sensible girl, who from habit, thought nothing of the circumstance—turned his head topsy-turvy. The idea of pulling off his boots before her was death, and as to doffing his other fixings, he said he would sooner have taken off his legs with a hand saw! At length the tremendous crisis approached. The Judge had partially undressed, entrenched behind a chair, which offered no more protection from 'the enemy,' than the rungs of a ladder. Then he had a dead open space of ten feet between the chair and the bed—a sort of Bridge of Lodi passage, as he describes it, which he was forced to make, exposed to a cruel raking fire, fore and aft! The Judge proceeds:

"Body, limbs, and head, setting up business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds, all told, of flesh, blood and bones, cannot, individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy till she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations: for when I arose from a stooping posture, finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment. 'Mr. Douglass,' she observed, 'you have got a mighty small chance of legs there.'"

Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretensions to skill in 'ground and lofty tumbling,' but it is strictly true, I cleared at one bound, the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling.

This story of Judge Douglass has suggested to Field, of the St. Louis 'Reveille,' the following adventure of a Missouri politician: "The 'gentleman from Illinois' is not the only gentleman whose legs have led him into embarrassment! A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, among the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the State, last summer, for Congress, in even a more peculiar perplexing predicament than the Illinois judge. There is a spot in the south western part of this State known as the Fiery Fork of Honey Run—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of 'honey' is of course accompanied by a corresponding flow of 'milk' and a mixture of milk and honey, or, at any rate, honey and 'peach' is the evidence of sublimity contentment, every place where they have preaching! 'Honey Run' is further christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising one apartment—neither more or less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveller, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, his numerous uncracked cracks and spaces clearly showing, that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their own apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and 'niggers,' and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partner. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of Fiery Forkers, the old lady having pointed out his bed, felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity 'to turn,' though the muskets were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door step: the niggers stuck their feet in the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed looking pillow, and sons, cavalierly, followed his example, leaving the old woman, 'gals,' and stranger, to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally in downright recklessness, seating himself upon the downy and pulling off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and he folded his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact, that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trousers; and then he undid his vest, and then he whistled again, and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment, seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried—
"Gals, jest turn your backs round 'till the stranger gets into bed!"
The backs were turned, and the stranger did get into bed in less than no time, when the hostess again spoke.
"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't used to us, you'd better kiver up 'till the gals undress, hadn't you?"
The nymphs were soon stowed away, for there were neither bustles to unlatch, nor corsets to unlance, when their mama, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him:
"You can unkiver now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you ain't afeard of me, I reckon!"
The stranger happened to be married folks himself; he unknived and turned his back with true conjugal indifference, as far as the ancient lady, he declares that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that he ever experienced.

Climate of London.—Professor Howard, in analyzing the climate of London, took some fog home in a basin, and found it to contain nine parts of smoke to one part of air. He undertook to extract a pint of smog from the atmosphere of Oxford street on a day foggy day, if the fog only lasted all he had completed the operation.

Book-keeping, or the Rich Man in spite of himself.

We are indebted to a friend for the following authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to mention it, would sound familiarly in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers: "In old times it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence currency.—About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious, Scotch Merchant, well known to the then by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His places of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment, whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion, the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. 'It canna be,' said he, 'ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' sae profitable a business as this represents.' The clerk with his usual patience re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a' right,' and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant, scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up on both sides of the account for himself. It proved to be right. 'I did na' think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man.—Well, weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had tho't, and I'll na' quarrel wi' myself for being worth six thousand instead.' An early candle light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'six thousand pounds.' Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the position of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone-street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still however obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy night, he commenced his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall street; reached the door and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the loud rap; the unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper window, and demanded: 'What's there?' 'It's me you do me sound!' said the frenzied merchant; 'ye've added up the year of our Lord among the pounds!' Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.

Kitchener Magazine.

From the N. O. Picayune.

The Benefits of Annexation.
About 12 o'clock yesterday, two individuals, who had just taken 'lunch' at Walter's, and who, as a necessary corollary, took something to wash it down, and who had taken several 'somethings' before that to make it 'stick,' might be seen, hooked arm in arm, as closely as if linked together by hooks of steel, progressing up St. Charles street in a kind of serpentine or worm-fence course.

Their conversation was rather general and promiscuous—embracing a little of everything, from the qualities of a gin-toddy to the merits of the President's Inaugural Address—when they met a mutual acquaintance, between whom and them the usual matter-of-course compliments were exchanged.

"Doesn't it rain hard, Tom?" said one of them.

"Rai-ther," said Tom, who is something of a wag; but what's the matter with you both? Why don't you walk straight?"

"We can't—impossible," said one of these mechanically-connected Siamese twins; 'a feller can't walk straight on these cussed sidewalks of a wet day, no how he can fix it. Don't you know we have to shy the rain?"

"Ah, I forgot that," said their friend.

"But what do you think of annexation, Tom?" said one of them; 'glorious, is it at it, eh?"

"We haven't had anything like it," said Tom, 'since the admission of Louisiana.' "Bill here and I have two leagues of land right on the Colorado—don't you think it'll help us on?"

"Help you on?" said Tom: 'why, judging from present appearances, I don't see how you could get along without annexation.' "Tom, we need not say alluded to the reciprocal support which they rendered one another, by being linked each to the other's arm; for with truth they might exclaim, 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

The average receipts of the Globe newspaper for the last fifteen years are said to have been \$100,000 per annum.

No less than 17,789 Germans arrived at the city of New York last year.